

other fact that he belongs to the opposite sex. But on the other hand she is quite as likely to find herself at the mercy of an ill-natured, unprogressive, selfish employer, who looks upon her as a piece of office machinery—or worse! And if she is poor and places are hard to get, if she is inexperienced or weak or easily tempted, if she has no moral ballast, no good teaching or mental fiber to sustain her—alas and alas!

How can young women who are not forced to support themselves see any glamour in this sort of thing? For somewhere along the business road they are sure to meet Apollyon, somewhere they must struggle for mastery; and the fight, while it will develop character,—if it does not irretrievably mar it,—will leave the worker a bit harder and sturdier and wider eyed toward evil. And if she is frank with herself and conquers the foes that are sure to beset her, she will know in after years that she has lost something of the softer side of her nature; that the charm of old-fashioned womanliness, such as she remembers in her own mother, has gone—and she cannot bring it back, any more than she can bring back her belief in the chivalry of noble manhood, her faith in self sacrificing mastery, her high and inspired ideals.

"But she knows life as it is! Her experience is practical, and therefore more valuable!"

Is it? I am still old fashioned enough to love the gentle, trusting woman of lofty ideals, who has full faith in human nature, whose presence in the home is a benediction, whose children call her blessed every hour of the day, to whom can cling no touch of wrong, no taint of wickedness. And I am sure that nine out of ten men believe in her too, and would like to see more of her today. Else why do they still seek such to be the mothers of their children? I used to wonder why men of great mental power so often choose for wives women of small minds, perhaps, but of great hearts and home-loving natures. Now I know.

The woman who goes out into the world of men learns what men are. This is her first necessity and her first protection. She must learn not to see evil nor to recognize temptation, except to pass it by secure in her own innocence. She must learn to look men straight in the eye, if she is to succeed, and to think of them only as fellow beings. The sex question has no place in a business office; and this fact, seldom expressed, is one of the first principles of her business relations.

**B**UT what effect is all this to have upon her own marriage? If she enters the holy state of matrimony, it will be with an enlightened mind and a sure knowledge of real "man nature." But is that so desirable? Has not the glamour of love and worship that attended the old-time "love match" its use in the economy of nature? Will a woman make a better mother, a purer wife, because her eyes have been opened and husbands are no longer placed on pedestals? I would not be misunderstood, although I shall probably be. I am glad that, since so many of us are forced to earn our own living, there are so many avenues open to us. But I would warn every girl who has a home in which she may stay honorably not to be in a hurry about cutting loose from it and setting out to be "independent." And will the mother of girls please take notice? The young woman who enters a business office should be trained for her work, morally as well as spiritually, mentally as well as physically. She must realize at the outset that drawing room manners and romantic sentiment have no place in the business office—although a gentleman is a gentleman wherever he may be. She must know, too, that all sex interest should be laid aside at the office door, if she is to do good work and make herself of value to her employer; more yet, if she is to win respect from others and preserve her own self respect as the years go by. And she must be educated up out of the idea that a rich marriage is to be the end of her career, and that the men she meets in business are legitimate prey for her matrimonial ambitions.

The young woman at home should be taught to be contented there, to fill her mind with useful occupation, and to read intelligently, to look upon marriage as the holiest state possible for a woman, to regard the profession of home making as great enough for the greatest woman that ever lived. She should learn to keep house, to love little children and to understand them, to love home better than any amount of superficial gaiety, to be tactful with people of both high and low degree, since she may not know what the years will bring in the way of associations. But let her not be allowed to set a "career" up in her mind as the only desirable thing for a woman.

**T**HE wisest woman I ever knew was the wife of a millionaire, who insisted on her three daughters taking up some one study and becoming so proficient in it that they could support themselves if reverses should come; at the same time teaching them to prize their beautiful home and be glad to stay in it. One of these daughters is today an accomplished musician, sufficiently skilled to appear in concert with our best orchestras; and, although she married a wealthy man with many fashionable connections to take her time, she has managed to keep up her practice through everything. Another daughter studied art, and could establish a reputation as a portrait painter at short notice if necessary; while the other is a skilled housekeeper and could manage a great establishment with a retinue of servants for some other than herself, should it become necessary. "For," said her mother, "no one knows how soon our money may take wings and fly away; and my girls must not be left as so many are, to become helpless, shabby-genteel women with a smattering of everything, but not enough knowledge of any one thing to make a living." And still she taught them that the career of wife and mother was the highest and most sacred possible, and each of them today is honored by husband and children.

There will be a reaction and, while it will be possible from now on for young women to go out and earn an honorable living in professions for which they will have special training, the average young woman will come back to the old-fashioned idea of wifehood,—the same old-fashioned idea combined with the modern evolution of methods to be applied to the best of all feminine vocations. The day is coming again when the educated, thinking woman will be prouder of raising a family of good citizens to make the world better, than she could be of making a name for herself in any line whatsoever.

**T**HERE is a little woman in one of the Eastern cities whose husband is a well known lecturer and writer. Wherever they have been for the last twenty-five years, she has been his silent shadow, sitting mouselike in corners while the world admired him. She has met hundreds of women who had established reputations in the

various professions and the business world. No one has ever thought of asking if she had ambitions.

A few months ago she saw two of her fine young sons graduated from Harvard University with honors. They had taken prizes and won scholarships from the time they entered the Latin School until they took their collegiate degrees, sufficient to pay their own way right through from the grammar school to the end. At twenty-three one of them became professor of literature in another college, and the younger took a postgraduate course to fill in the time until he should be old enough to take a similar place. And at last the little woman spoke.

"What do you think of my lifework?" she asked. "You have all been doing such great things all these years. Don't think me foolish now if I am a little bit proud of my 'career.'"

And I said to her, "Many women have done excellently; but thou excellest them all."

## DAVY JONES' LOCKER

BY S. TEN EYCK BOURKE AND CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE



Squinted Over to Where the China Castle Lay.

chess with Fate and use Joe and Braun for pawns. As a matter of fact, Bronson never quite knew whether he was in the game. Joe's way of carrying out a courtship was to sit like a bump on a log over a pipe with old Dave Lorry, Annie's father (who was engineer of the big millionaire's yacht, Juanita, down shore), and pretend not to know that Annie was in the same township. This wasn't Braun's way at all. A fine, upstanding young fellow Braun was, always jolly and joking—no wonder Annie made a "king" of him!

They both jumped at it when the chance came to prove themselves out as amateur divers, and assist in the salvage of the big tea bark China Castle, which came in on the last splurge of the equinox to settle down in five fathoms off Gridiron Reef, with forty-two thousand chests of oolong in her hold. Bronson and Braun led each other a merry chase up and down the ratlines of that sunken ship, playing follow the leader, and taunting Davy Jones down there in the lurching hulk, where a touch might bring down a pile of freightage, or foul the air hose, before the pair of amateurs mastered the use of the emergency aërooxygen reservoirs.

**I**T was a thick day, drizzling, with a sulky loup on the sea—just the kind of weather to send coastwise ships groping off their course and hunting trouble in the fog. In the gathering murk, the tall spars of the deep-waterman, etched wraithlike against the dun horizon, were barely visible from the boathouse runway. Braun squinted out over the slaty ocean where the China Castle lay, a rifleshoot out beyond the parallel ridges of the Gridiron's treacherous reefs and shoals.

"Pity we couldn't raise that old hulk!" Braun said regretfully. "The wreckin' comp'ny left the worth of a shipyard in her, the worth of the Juanita."

Bronson cared nothing for the wasted salvage on the ship; but he cared a whole lot for the steam yacht Juanita, the crack turbine that was poking her slim nose in at Gridiron Reef that very moment, to take a look at the wreck. A Cramp built clipper the Juanita was, of white and brass, and shaving those wicked black horseheads of rocks at a twenty-three-mile clip, under the push of her ten-thousand-horsepower engines. And Dave Lorry, the engineer, was waving his hand from the midship section—waving it at pretty Annie, who made it a point to come over from Barnegat village to "see father's yacht go by."

"That China Castle's goin' off something some day," Bronson said as he went off on beach patrol. "Likely as not, it'll be the Juanita she gets. I wish Dave Lorry was out of her!"

The tea hulk, and the proverbial recklessness of the Juanita's skipper, had got on Bronson's nerves. The thought persisted when he went off watch about four o'clock that afternoon, thinking how miserable he was, and of Annie's liking Bud best.

**A**ND then, without a moment's warning, when the crew were smoking, and Joe was figuring on where the Juanita might be, the sudden wail of a siren, coming in from the sea "smoke," galvanized the crew into action and sent Bronson scurrying for the beach, his heart in his throat.

It was the Juanita, all right, "Lorry's yacht," the beautiful Cramp-built turbine, cut down in all her glory of gold and white, with a jagged gash sliced in her starboard side where the elliptical stern of the tea ship had caught her when she came cutting corners on her way home. A cluster of electric lights off the Gridiron told the Ships Bottom men she had stopped

**W**HAT I think, Bud Braun, that wreckin' comp'ny ought to break up that ship. They ought to set off a stick o' dynamite under that old China Castle that you an' me's been divin' in, 'fore some rammin', jammin' liner goes to Davy Jones' locker on her, blunderin' in unsuspectin' on the Gridiron! She's layin' for ship-murder sure as my name's Hammerhead Joe!" Joe Bronson (Surfman Bronson, No. 4 on the roster of Ships Bottom Life Saving Station on Barnegat Beach) delivered himself with the finality of grim experience to his chum Harry Braun, of the same service and beach, and fellow volunteer in the "emergency diving squad" of two, recently installed at Ships Bottom.

The two men were in the boathouse adjoining the little, white-painted, red-roofed life station, busy with the newest acquisition to the station's apparatus,—the compressed-air diver's armor, equipped with the new "aërotank" reservoirs, fitted to the back of each suit, which would keep a man alive under water for at least a fighting chance, with his air hose-fouled, or severed by a shark's snap.

With the life savers' traditional aversion to innovations, Ships Bottom as a whole, with the exception of Hammerhead Joe and Braun, resented the "newfangled" attempt to equip the life stations with divers' outfits, similarly as the United States navy ships are.

"You never can tell when that dinky divin' trick may come in handy. Folks ain't always drowned outside ships. There's such a thing as ketchin' a man in a trap an' drown him," Bronson said, when Ships Bottom announced its willingness to leave Davy Jones' locker (as sailors call the bottom of the ocean) severely alone. Mule-stubborn, Bronson was, once he got an idea into his close-cropped head.

Bronson and Braun had always shared dangers and hardships for friendship's sake in the past; in tacit emulation not to be outdone in Annie Lorry's eyes, since she had taken the notion in her pretty head to play





Ships Bottom Saw the Indomitable Figure Rise.

in her stride, right where she struck the lurking tea ship.

Ships Bottom never got into action in less time than on that occasion. But, for all the five lifelines that lay across the deck of the doomed yacht in as many minutes, Captain Casco knew that it was a "boatwork job" from the first, and her passengers and crew were taken off almost before the alarm spread to Barnegat village and the whole population had poured out on the beach. It was a mighty nasty disaster; and the yacht had gone to the bottom like a plummet, her graceful hull snuggled up against the ship that had murdered her, and only her spars and yellow funnel marking the place where she struck.

THE lifeboat was heading inshore for the last time, when a sudden pitiful outcry from the beach pierced Joe's heart. He saw Annie Lorry run out from the crowd, and flutter up her hands and fall back in Bud Braun's arms.

Next moment Braun, wide eyed with horror, came ramming down to the lifeboat where Bronson was flinging men aside in a frantic endeavor to reach Annie. "Dave Lorry's shut up in the engine room bulkhead," Braun said. "For God's sake, Joe—"

As in a daze Joe listened to his partner.

"It will kill Annie Lorry!" Bud kept saying.

Bronson uttered a deep oath, like a prayer. "If old Dave's gone down with the ship, I'll go down an' get him!" he said, on the jump for the life saving station.

No man knew better than Hammerhead Joe Bronson what a slim chance there was to get the engineer of the Juanita out of that water-tight bulkhead, and bring him to the surface with the breath still in his body. Even if Lorry had dodged the inrush of the sea and managed to close the bulkhead door, with himself inside, the whole Atlantic stood ready to wash into that air chamber the minute the door was opened. But Joe Bronson wasn't one to waste time figuring on the way things couldn't be done. The air in that submerged bulkhead wouldn't last more than a year or two, that was certain; but Ships Bottom had an air pump, and the big motorboat was as good as a lighter to work from.

"I'll go down and pound on that door," he told Casco. "If Dave's there he'll talk to me; if he ain't— He's just got to be, that's all!" Joe said savagely.

Both he and Braun were sorting over the diving suits in the lifeboat, when a half-crazed girl flung herself into it, defying the men to move her. Casco, leaping for the bow, mercifully ignored her—contrary to regulations. Bronson gulped as she sank sobbing beside the diving pump and emergency armor with the patent aeroxygen reservoirs, all in polished brass and rivets, ready for action.

"On'y thing I'm afraid of," Hammerhead Joe said, in the white-faced silence in the lifeboat, "that old China Castle may buck down on her an' roll her over in the drink, like a kid goin' down hill."

Braun hadn't thought of that. He caught his partner's eye, then glanced over the side, where the rusty hulk of the tea bark lay wallowing in the sea. The spilled rice in her cargo had attracted a million seagulls, fighting and squawking over the Gridiron, and in the murky water the black fin of a shark slithered now and then athwart the boat.

"Filled up and sassy, them tigertails are," Joe said; then, quite casually, "They ain't no need o' you goin' down, Bud. It's a one-man job."

Braun laughed in his face. "Want to cop out all the glory, eh?" he said. "Let me tell you, two won't be a

crowd when the water starts through the bulkhead door. One fellow down there alone might change his mind about standing by."

Joe went white as chalk. All the pent-up bitterness against his old chum and station mate surged up in him. All his life, ever since he had known her, he had nursed a premonition that some day, somehow, he would do something for Annie Lorry. God knows he was willing enough, for her or hers, if ever he were called upon! And now the test had come!

"All right," he said quietly to Braun. "Only remember it's every man for himself, when the rush comes. I'm goin' to get Dave!"

That was all; but the life savers looked at each other. They knew what it would mean when the weight of the Atlantic slammed into that air chamber—with Dave Lorry hanging on with a death grip at the bottom, and the divers fighting against the drag of the inrush that might whirl them through the aperture and tear out their air hose. But Government life savers are paid to take long chances.

"We got the emergency tanks," said Hammerhead Bronson. "Lock on my bonnet, Jem."

THE beach was black with Barnegat folk watching the preparations in the lifeboat out at sea, and awaiting the tidings of life or death. Joe swung out on the yacht's shrouds, casting a glance into the boat, where the whole soul of him was yearning for the sobbing slip of a girl.

The sight of Braun bending over her in final reassurance, and the clank of the airpumps, followed him as he went down into the turbid water. He felt his erstwhile chum step on the ratlines as he left daylight behind, and he snapped on his breast lamp, groping along the deck for the engine room door. But Joe knew the Juanita without need of the electric; more particularly the machinery section. He and old Dave had shared many a friendly smoke together there.

He noticed that the stern of the wrecked tea ship was crowding down on the yacht's quarter. It threw a somber shadow over the deck. He caught the flicker of brass and white-painted walls, and he drew a breath of relief—though he might have known!

"Course Dave ain't in the engine room," he said. "He went to shut the bulkhead an' give them lubbers a chance. He made it too! Dave never even took time to remember his pipe—I c'n see it there beside his sofa."

He was chuckling, all his black, brooding fear fallen from him in the moment he entered the compartment, when a savage lurch of the hull froze him. Suppose that China ship should worm her way over the yacht and jam the bulkhead fast? There was no time to lose if Dave was bound up top!

Bronson had forgotten his fellow diver; though Braun was right at his heels. Every man for himself under water! Besides, Joe's heart clung to one idea,—to save old Dave Lorry, and to do it himself, for Annie's sake. He was face to face with the bulkhead door now, that thin sheet of steel between Dave and the whole ocean. For a second he hesitated, his heart thumping in his breast. Then, with his electric flash playing on the corrugated steel door, he thumped it with his heavy, lead-shod boot—once, twice, three times!

His swollen hands fumbled for the shock of the return signal; but that wasn't needed. From out of the air-filled bulkhead, faint through his copper helmet and the steel door, but unmistakable, it came,—a soul-thrilling thump! Joe uttered a shout of joy.

"That's him! That's his S. O. S! Now I got to drag

him out an' shoot him up top like a porpoise tumblin' out o' water! Won't the boys yell when they see him pop up serene from below, right out o' Davy Jones' locker?"

There was no trouble talking to Engineer Dave, an old life saver. With the butt of his sheath knife Bronson rapped out the plan of rescue—a plan to set an ordinary soul shivering in his boots. When he swung round, Bronson's face behind his helmet vizor was stern, as he told his mate in the code of the beach just what he intended to do.

"Dave's got two foot o' water in there now, an' more comin' in," he told Braun. "We got to work fast. Dave'll start the door open from the inside with the lever, an' we'll do the rest. Watch out for the underdrag!"

The warning broke from him involuntarily. What the thoughts of the man inside that awful prison, counting the centuries, God alone knows, as the rescuers with inconceivable rapidity stripped the water-tight bulkhead of everything that could impede the door in its free opening. This done, Bronson signaled to the men, sitting white-faced in the lifeboat; then, taking a turn of line over his arm, Joe gave the signal to open.

BRACED and straining against the rush of water roaring under the steel port-

cullis, he had the engineer's wrists in his iron grip before it had passed, flooding the chamber, and leaving Dave, with bulging eyes, clutching at Joe's armor in a death struggle. Braun, lurching upon them in an effort to help, received a back-handed swing that sent him sprawling.

"Butting in, trying to drown the man!" Bronson snarled. Stumbling, fighting for his life and Lorry's, he dragged him through the hatch into the swirling waters on deck. Red wrath was roaring in his brain. Angered by the engineer's struggles, his big fist shot out with an impact he could hear himself, over the grating and grinding of the laboring hulks.

"If you're bound to freeze onto me, gi' me a chance!" he panted at the drowning man. "To say nothin' o' them tigertails, loafing round, liable to grab us goin' up!"

The sharks didn't bother Bronson. His mind was obsessed with the necessity of getting Lorry to the surface in the quickest possible time. The man wouldn't float up of his own volition, now that his breath was exhausted. The mysterious law of gravitation that demands the first descent of a drowning body had not yet taken its toll of the old engineer. Besides, the elliptical stern of the tea bark was in the way.

Bronson crowded past the intervening hulk, swarming up the rigging with the limp form in his arms. He wondered vaguely why Braun hadn't followed on his heels, or shown a light anyway, if he wouldn't lend a hand; but recollection of that white-shocked face behind the vizor as Braun stumbled back down in the bulkhead only brought a resentful growl. "Tryin' to cop everything, he was! Nobody needs his help!"

His missing mate was still on his mind when he came bubbling out of the sea, with old Dave draped on his armored shoulder. A woman's blood-chilling wail greeted the significant apparition; but he surrendered his burden with a single curt motion toward the unconscious engineer that set Ships Bottom working like peajacketed demons to restore respiration.

"First aid!" Bronson muttered dully. That's what that crook of the arm meant. That 'ud fetch Dave round, all right! A terrible weariness stole over him; his brain throbbed with dull hatred of the sea and all that was down there in the black depths. Truth was, Joe was only an amateur, and the experience he had just passed through was calculated to try a stone man's nerve, let alone the sickening, sweet flavor of the pump air he had to workin. Mentally and physically he was sick.

Still muttering to himself, he looked up, to find the men in the boat signaling anxiously with Braun's lifeline. His air hose too hung limp over the side. And Annie was staring up at him—something of terror on her white face. Where was Bud, anyhow?

Suddenly Joe understood and laughed grimly. This was Annie Lorry—Bud's Annie, of course! And he had left Bud down there to drown! Just like a hammerhead like him to forget that!

He lurched to his feet with a rough gesture to the crew to make him ready. If Annie wanted Braun so badly as all that, so badly she had to cry for him, why he'd go down and get him, just as he had fished out her father for her. He knew where Braun was—he ought to! After stretching him out down there!

WHEN Hammerhead Bronson went over the side his last glance was at the girl, sitting there with her face in her hands, and the men watching with downcast, set faces.

It was much darker than before on the yacht's deck,



and she had listed badly to port. He was surprised he had not noticed her masts slanting on the sea at the surface. Maybe that's what the boys had been anxious about.

"That old tea junk's washin' back on the lop," he said impersonally. "Presently she'll push us over in the mud— Hello! She's blocked up Bud's front door!"

The swamped tea ship was working seaward with the tide, shearing athwart the yacht like a deep-sea lugger-naut. Braun's air hose and lifeline trailed from one corner of the companionway, blocked now by that mass of rusty iron. Bronson stopped for a moment, speculating; then, with a growl at his own stupidity, he clambered over the roof of the cabin, making for the forward part of the yacht. There was a hatch there that led down into the engine room.

A strong jerk of his lifeline brought him up standing, and changed the grumble to an angry snarl. He had got to the end of his rope with a vengeance! The rubber air hose wasn't long enough to stretch the full length of the deck, to say nothing about its doubling back when he had to traverse the engine room gallery to reach Braun.

Without a moment's hesitation he drew his sheath knife and cut the hose close to his helmet, staking his life on the emergency reservoir on his back. How much time he had allotted him by grace of that copper knapsack, he did not know; but it was no time to stick at trifles.

The aërotank, operating automatically, had blocked the flow of water into his helmet and filled his lungs with a bitter-sweet vapor that didn't help the flightiness

in his brain. The iron hulk was still crowding the yacht. He could see the splinters fly as she mowed down across the deck.

With his conviction that Annie's love was centered in Braun, all his bitterness against his old chum went from him. He was calling to him through his locked helmet as he climbed over the wrecked machinery, and the sweet oxygen gas took hold more and more on his brain.

Once he got a bad fall, bringing up against a lot of jagged edges. But he was up and off, crawling along the passage with one leaden foot trailing after him the next instant.

THE glimmer of Braun's electric lamp was a glimpse of Heaven to Bronson. He was beside his mate in a moment, making sure he was breathing freely. The strain that had sent Joe's wits wool gathering had been intensified in Braun's case, marked, as he thought himself, for death. It had never occurred to him to use the emergency air tank as Hammerhead Bronson had done, even if he had retained consciousness long enough after his fall to figure on a way out of the trap.

"That's your doin's!" Joe growled, shaking his fist at the iron hulk that blocked the doorway. "Bumpin' in here where you wasn't wanted, an' pinchin' a man's air hose! For two cents I'd hoist you myself with a stick o' dynamite!"

That didn't help matters, and the yacht was keeling over on her beam ends, buried under the ship. His ankle was a pounding torment, and the leaden-soled

boot a ton weight of unadulterated agony. But it was no time to think of trifles. Braun was unconscious—and they had to get a move! Little by little Bronson switched off the flow from the rubber air pipe, changing to the oxygen gas, before he cut it from the helmet. Then, with a grimace at his tortured foot, he slung Braun over his shoulder, crawling back through the passage on hands and knees. He couldn't stand on that crippled foot.

It was a terrible journey down there in the dark, with the helpless man on his back and only the flicker of Braun's breast lamp to light the way. His own lamp he had lost in the struggle with Lorry.

Halfway down the passage a lurch of the shrieking hull flung a heavy bar across his leg, finishing the job. But he got loose somehow and crawled through the forward scuttle.

When his eyes again accustomed themselves to the milky glimmer of the sea water, he saw that the hulk of the China Castle had passed entirely over the hull of the Juanita, and now lay balanced on top of her, a barrier of rusty iron, barring his way to the lifelines and the Ships Bottom boat crew, who had doubtless given them up for dead.

"Anyhow, we got out o' that hole jest in time," he encouraged his unconscious burden. "I wouldn't wonder if the boys go grapplin' for us pretty soon—bobbing for old Hammerhead. That's a joke!"

A big brute of a shark, which seemed to be waiting for

*Continued on page 19*

## EN KELOHENU

By EMILY GOLDSMITH GERSON

FLESHAM banged the receiver on the telephone hook and mopped the perspiration from his forehead. "Well, that beats the Dutch!" he ejaculated. "This is the last straw! I give up! Where on earth am I to look for a tenor now? I don't see why I should have it all to do! I'll call up Lewin, and let him struggle a bit. It is high time that someone else on the committee was taking an interest in this dedication program! I'm disgusted!"

He took down the receiver. "Hello, Central, give me Pine 711! . . . Hello, Jake, is that you? Glad I caught you. What do you think has happened now? . . . No, the Rabbi is all right; but the tenor— . . . No, not dead. I'm in no mood for joking! . . . I'm glad you take these setbacks so good naturedly; but why shouldn't you, when I'm doing all the hustling? The tenor is sick and—well, I'm at my wits' end. . . . What's that you're saying? Telephone to Hammerstein's for a new one? Is that another one of your merry jests? Suppose you get busy and try to secure a substitute? . . . What's that? Going out with your wife? Can't break engage— . . . Oh, very well. Goodbye!" and again the receiver was hung up with a bang and Flesham sank wearily back in his chair.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish! At the eleventh hour to have our beautiful dedication program spoiled! Was anyone ever in such a predicament? I'm sick of the whole business! Where shall I turn for a new tenor? Easy enough for Lewin to jest about Hammerstein's. Well, why not? Maybe I can turn his jest to account. I'll phone to the resourceful Oscar. More wonderful things than that have been done. I'll try."

Flesham paused in his reflections. He knew that money was no object, and that with "long distance" and "rapid transit" nothing seemed impossible. For the third time he took up the receiver, and before the Sabbath lamp had been lit in his library that evening Flesham, president of the new synagogue House of Israel, was patting himself on his back, with the self satisfied thought that few could have arranged for a new tenor—and such a tenor!—with such neatness and despatch.

SEVERAL weeks before this telephone episode the announcement had gone forth that the new synagogue would be dedicated on Saturday, January 13, and old and young impatiently awaited the services, which promised to be of unusual interest. It was not surprising, therefore, that on that morning the imposing new temple was crowded to the doors, and anticipation was in the air. The exercises passed off impressively, and without a hitch, and only Flesham and a few of his colleagues on the committee of arrangements knew what difficulties had attended the details of the program.

How could those in the audience know that Rabbi Imfeld had been the third who had been invited to deliver the oration, the other two refusing for petty reasons? All they did know was that the visiting speaker was eloquent and said things to tickle their vanity, and Mrs. Bernheim nodded to Mrs. Levi across the aisle and whispered audibly, "He's a scholar, ain't it?"

Yes, the committee's task had not been an easy one, and now as Flesham gazed at the new tenor standing in the choir loft he hoped that all would be well that ended well.

The tenor had obeyed the quick call, and was at his post promptly. He sang so well that no one in that vast crowd suspected that he was reading the music of the responses and hymns for the first time. His clear voice rang out, and again Mrs. Bernheim whispered to Mrs. Levi, "Wonderful! Just like grand opera, ain't it?"

THE last notes of the anthem had died away, and the old Rabbi of the House of Israel rose to give the benediction. Fervently he prayed for the welfare of his



There He Sat, Tears Streaming from His Eyes.

people, and for manifold blessings to rest on this new structure which had this day been consecrated to the worship of God. At the conclusion of the prayer he asked the congregation to join in singing the En Kelo-henu, "and," he urged, "let your voices ring out!"

The hymn was taken up with zest; for who among the Jews does not love it? But gradually, as the song went on, the voices in the body of the temple grew fainter and fainter, and the tenor's voice alone was heard. All stopped to listen. Oh, the life he gave to the song! The glory and the pathos! Every eye was centered on him, and every ear was drinking in the wonderful strains of that grand old hymn.

"What was that?" Mrs. Bernheim whispered the question across to Mrs. Levi.

Not only Mrs. Bernheim, but everybody, was wondering; for the final notes had died out like a wail, and the tenor's head sank on his breast.

"Wasn't that grand? I tell you what, you deserve credit!" said Mrs. Levi, shaking the president's hand in warm enthusiasm. "Such eloquence and—"

"Such singing!" interrupted Mrs. Bernheim. "Ain't it the tenor was great today! Pity, wasn't it, that his voice broke on the En Kelo-henu? But accidents will happen, even in grand opera. Why, the other night—"

BUT Flesham pressed his way through the crowd, eager to reach the tenor and learn the cause of his indisposition. He rapidly ascended to the organ loft, and there, surrounded by the other members of the choir, sat the man, his head resting on his hand and tears flowing from his eyes.

Respectfully the others retired to make room for the

president, and in a few minutes the two were alone.

"I couldn't help it, I couldn't help it!" wailed the tenor piteously. "It was En Kelo-henu!"

"Your singing was fine," said Flesham, patting the tenor's back reassuringly. "I consider myself lucky to have got so able a singer at the last moment. It's very warm up here. No wonder you grew faint! I'll have to see to the ventilation."

"It wasn't that. It was En Kelo-henu! It is over ten years since I sang it, and I thought that all that this hymn stood for was dead within me!" Again his head sank on his bosom.

"Are you a Jew?" asked the president of the House of Israel in surprise.

"I was once—" The man hesitated; but Flesham's kind face expressed sympathy, and the tenor, encouraged, went on:

"I was born in Russia, and lived there happily with my parents until I was thirteen. We loved our religion and carried out every letter of the law with reverence. Why, then, complying with every precept, and living pious lives, should we not have found favor in God's sight?" The man moaned. "How often since have I asked myself why? Oh, it was terrible, terrible! The massacre came! My father was mercilessly killed before my eyes, and my mother, a shudder shook his strong frame,—"my mother was dragged out of the house! They dragged her by the hair! I hear her screams ringing in my ears now, 'My boy, save me, save me!'" He put his hands over his ears, as though to shut out the awful cries.

Flesham, with bowed head, waited till the tenor gained a little composure.

"She was gone. I tore my flesh in my helplessness; but I never saw her again. I was alone now; for the few relatives I had had shared the fate of my sainted parents. Oh, why didn't they take me too? Why did God overlook me? God—yes, it was God's will that my parents should die, and all the love for Him that had been so deeply rooted in my heart by my mother and father turned to bitter hatred. In my despair I came over here as soon as I could make my escape. The money I had was stolen too; so when I arrived I was nothing but a pauper."

"Once in America, I set about earning a living. The chazan who had taught me in Russia for my Bar Mitzvah [Bar Mitzvah is the Declaration of the Jewish Faith by boys on their thirteenth birthday] had praised my voice; so I earned my daily bread at first by singing in the streets. One day a passerby, a philanthropist, thought he detected unusual qualities in my voice; so he had me educated, and thanks to him I am now independent."

"For over ten years I have been trying to stifle the Jew within me. I have been shunning Jews and everything Jewish. I have been trying to hate God for all the misfortunes he had heaped on my young life; when today, singing En Kelo-henu for the first time again, old emotions, old memories, rushed upon me with overwhelming force, and I couldn't stand it. Oh, God! Why did you do it? Why did you forsake me?"

"Blame not God, my son! Always turn to Him in your trouble."

The tenor started to his feet at the sound of the deep, solemn voice. Flesham looked behind whence the words came. There stood the old Rabbi of the House of Israel, his face working with emotion.

"I have heard your story, my son," he said, putting his arm tenderly round the young man. "Return to your father's God! Put your trust in Him! En Kelo-henu— His will be done!"

(En Kelo-henu, meaning "There is none like our God," is a Hebrew hymn, chanted in the Jewish service throughout the world.)



but it's because they think they've found a bargain in flowers and maybe can find a drop of honey that the other fellow overlooked, a pass perhaps to get honey the easiest way. But flies— Miss Mel's lovely face looked so kind, so indulgent, her smile was the sweetest smile I have ever seen,—“just like men.”

“Henry Saxon loved to play upon that trait in man nature. I've seen him take the homeliest, stupidest girl about, and make her the fashion by his attentions. He loved to do it. Henry was really the most wonderful man that I ever knew.” Here Miss Mel closed her eyes, and settled back into her chair, as if she were dreaming and did not care to speak. Then she opened her eyes and brought her thoughts back swiftly. She would never think of letting anyone observe her in sorrow or abstraction, or discouragement or trouble. Only her own room could bear witness to things of that kind with Miss Mel.

“Sheldon has known Narcissa for years, as long as he has known me, and just because—” Miss Mel smiled gently, amusedly,—“just because Narcissa believes that Henry Saxon was really in love with her, and Sheldon has got it into his head that the one man whose opinion counted for a great deal to him valued her, he has been true to instinct. He wants her. She is attractive to him now as she never was before in her life. Henry was a man of the world, and Sheldon appreciated that. Narcissa has told Sheldon all about her letters. She has shown them to him and read them to him, and—widow's weeds, my dear, are a very potent spell. They cast a glamour over a woman's attractiveness that is alluring, almost irresistible, to a man. Sheldon is a sweet-natured, simple fellow, just like the ordinary man: but he needs someone to make up his mind for him. And if Henry valued Narcissa enough to want to marry her, as he and she believe, that's all he cares for.” Miss

Mel looked so tenderly, so humanly, amused that I turned to her in surprise.

“Then, Mel—you—did not—care for Sheldon?” I asked timidly; for before I had finished speaking she turned on me sharply. I have never seen her look so at anyone.

“I?” she cried. “Did you—or anyone—imagine that I cared for Sheldon Coulter?” Her face was white, her eyes blazed.

**B**UT tell me, Mel,” I hurried to change the subject: she had almost frightened me, “is it true, that Henry Saxon was ever in love with Narcissa?”

She had turned that indignant, unsmiling face from me. Her eyes had sought that far horizon of thought from which I had brought her back when I first stepped out on the porch. When she turned again to me, to answer me, she looked as I had never seen her before in my life. Her eyes were full of tears, her voice was hushed as we hush our voices when we speak of our dead:

“I married Henry Saxon,” she spoke slowly, painfully, “married him twenty years ago. No one ever found it out; but—oh,” she pressed her hands against her lips, “those three days of utter happiness! And then I tried to coerce him to my point of view. We had a misunderstanding, a controversy,—trivial, it seemed to me,—we parted. I never saw him again. Many times I tried to break through his resentment or reserve, whichever it was; but I never succeeded. He wrote me that he demanded freedom of thought and opinion above everything else, and that he realized that he had made a mistake in marrying; so—I buried my heart. I believe he has left me all of his possessions; but that is poor compensation.”

Miss Mel rose and went into the house. I shall never know what they quarreled about, and she will never mention the subject again.

## DAVY JONES' LOCKER

Continued from page 6

them and warming his belly over the wreck of the yacht's funnel, swirled overhead with a derisive slap of his truncated tail. Joe followed him with dull eyes, then gave a triumphant cry. The shark had shown the way! “All right, Bud,” he said. “There's more'n one way o' gettin' back to home and Mother. We'll fool 'em yet!”

The slim foremast stretched away flush from the deck, with wire stays leading to the spreaders. He had no way of knowing whether the top of the spar was under water or above the surface. One thing sure—it wouldn't matter much longer, the way that emergency tank was acting!

Swaying under the combined weight of Braun and the diving suit, deep down as they were, he managed to hoist the load squarely on his back again, and strapped him there with his leather belt wrapped round the metal collars of their armored shoulder capes. As he crawled out on the slanting shrouds, the copper helmets clanged together with a sound of bell buoys heard at sea at night, tolling for all dead sailor men.

There were no ratlines to help him this time, as on the after mast; but the slender stays lay on the sea on an angle of forty-five degrees. He spread-eagled himself on the wires and squirmed up, dragging himself hand over hand, his crippled leg dangling; but he went on, husbanding his strength, gritting his strong teeth when the mast slumped and let them down lower and lower in the sea. If just the tip stuck out up top!

A dozen feet below the surface—he could see the vague shadow of the lifeboat tossing above them—he stopped to get his breath. At the sound of his own voice, grating encouragement to Braun, he wondered dully what would happen if the wire stays should cut through his canvas pants. Then he started on up again painfully.

“A long pull and a strong pull, Bud!” he gasped. “She's waiting for you up top, Boy—Annie's waitin'—Annie Lorry—”

He began croaking that as if it meant life and courage and promise to Bud and Bud could hear it, keeping time to the funeral clanking of the helmets, rolling against each other in the water. He was terribly weary.

“We'll rest up on top, Bud,” he said. “They can't beat us Ships Bottom bullies!”

**T**HE Ships Bottom men in the big lifeboat saw the indomitable figure with the cyclopean helmet rise, clutching at space, striving to scale the slim topmast, from out the sea. Another swaying helmet hung from his back, and a terrible tuneless croaking shuddered through the empty valves with the last wheeze of the oxygen air. Bronson's swollen and bleeding hands were locked on the steel wires with a viselike grip that

took two men to tear loose, when they finally lifted him into the lifeboat.

The mast swayed and sank, and the brawny surfmen had to sit on Hammerhead Bronson to hold him down while they unlocked his helmet, trying to persuade him he was on top of the ocean—and he'd better stop acting like the hammerhead that he was! Joe had a notion he had more climbing to do, and that Braun needed first aid treatment more than he, Bronson, needed air, and he wouldn't be satisfied until they showed him Braun sitting up and grinning at him.

“I never see such a one-ideaed mule in my life!” the exasperated Captain of Ships Bottom told him. “There you sit like a bump on a log and can't see *who's* looking at you!”

“I fetched—Bud came up along with me, Annie,” Bronson stammered, suddenly realizing the girl's very near presence. “Y' see, Bud an' me, we was kind o' groping in the dark down yonder—”

**H**AMMERHEAD BRONSON never knew how deeply he had been groping in Cimmerian darkness, till the girl called his name and a roar of approval went up from the crew. But Joe wasn't paying attention to them any longer, nor to the Barnegat riot on the sand strip before the life station that sent the Gridiron gulls squawking seaward and the tigertails to seek the safer waters of the ocean with their fins tucked under in terror. For Annie was watching him with a look he could not fathom, a look that petrified—and somehow thrilled him too! Next instant she was sobbing and laughing—Annie—his Annie!—and fluttering in his arms, and they were both “poll-parrotin' together, an' having a puffeduck lovely time,” as cynical Little Welsh, the gun firer, expressed it.

Only one thing was lacking to fill Joe's cup of happiness to the brim. It wasn't till some days later that he opened his heart to Captain Casco, when he made formal announcement of a certain wonderful event of the near future,—the final, irrevocable plunge for better or worse!

“What bothers me,” he told Captain Casco apologetically, “how ever am I a goin' to break it to Bud? 'Course I kind o' s'picioned I'd been thick-headed all along, when I come back from Davy Jones' locker; but I never dreamed before it was *me* Annie was loving all the time—and not anybody else at all! Seems like I'm dreamin' yet.”

Casco's big laugh boomed out in sympathetic understanding. “Wake up there, Joe—an' high time!” the Captain said. “Harry Braun never had a look-in with Annie, and he knows it: they was just friends. W'y, they got it all fixed up that Braun's goin' to be best man at the wedding. He was here just now, crowing about it.”



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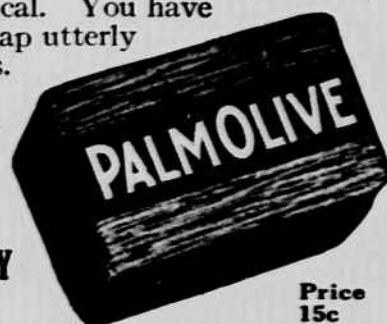
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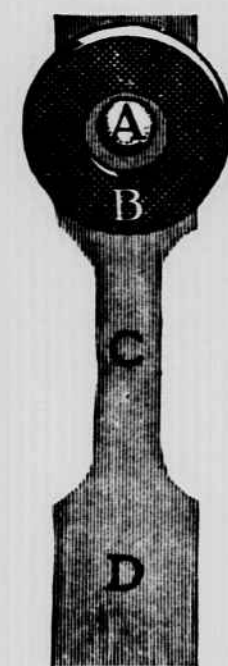
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